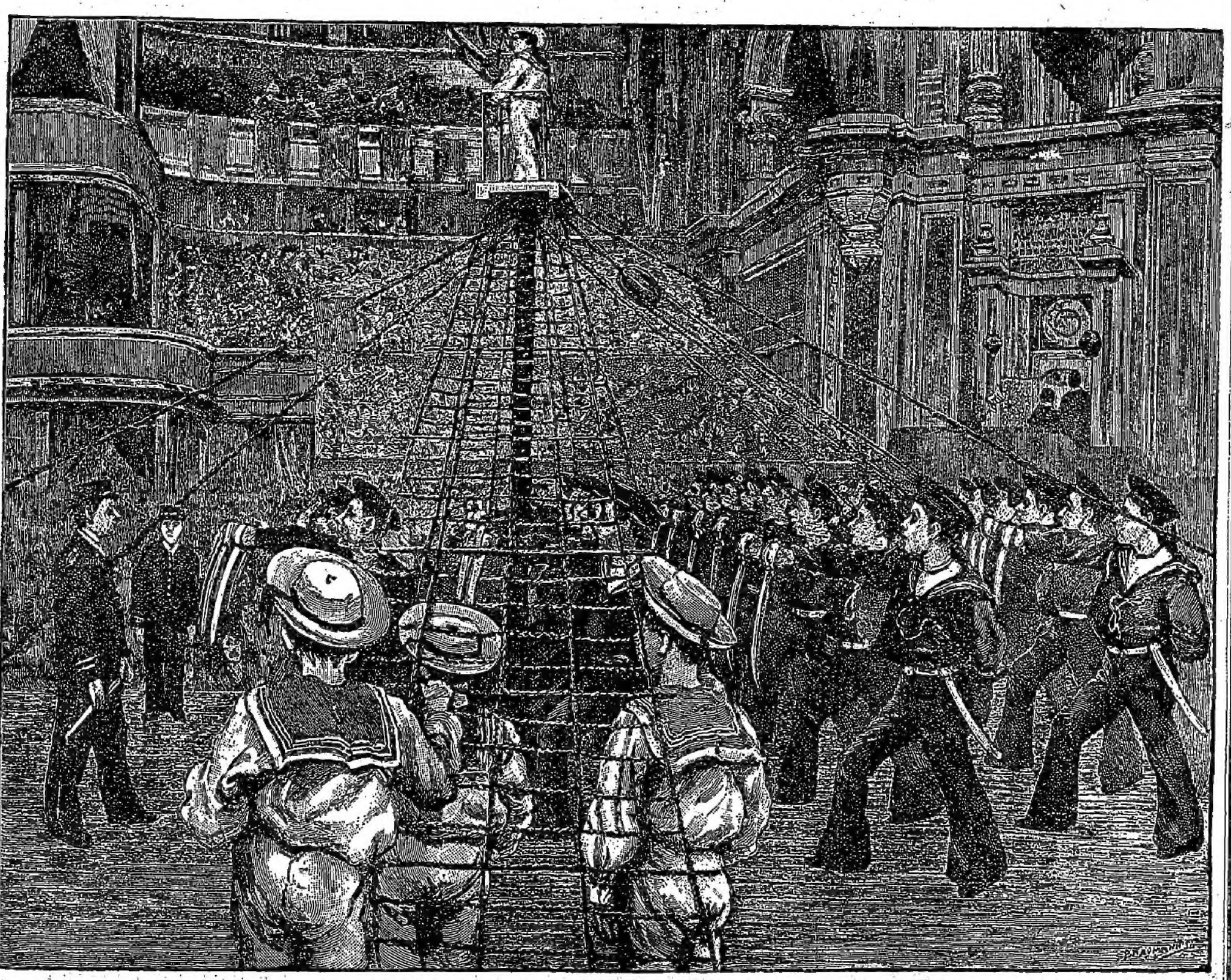
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1892. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A SWING PANORAMA.

In the matter of organization, says a recent London paper, there are two institutions that run each other pretty closely—the Salvation Army and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Discipline, precision, and a complete mastery of detail characterizes both of them. At Dr. Barnardo's twenty-sixth anniversary, held at the Albert Hall, the good director manipulated his vast army of children and workers as easily and dexterously as a good type-writer works his machine. A wave of his little scarlet flag and lo! the big platform, especially erected in the centre of the Hall, is turned into ten workshops, where carpenters, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, net-makers, and the rest are all zealously working at their different departments. Very musical was the sound of the hammers, and very picturesque was the sight of the boys in their variety of dresses, among their benches, with the glowing forge in the background shooting up forked flames as if it, too, would add its share to the general festivity. Three sharp whistles and away they all troop with their implements of industry on their shoulders, to be followed, at another wave of the red flag, by a score of bairns admitted to the Homes in the last twenty-four hours. Poor little wretches! with one shoe or no shoes, or shoes that belonged to somebody else, with women's dresses, and men's coats, and haggard, dirty faces, they looked as if nothing less than a new creation could turn them into the splendid fellows that marched on the boards, in their strong, serviceable emigrant's dress, as the ragged mites stumbled off. They were off in the morning to Manitoba—strong, straight, well-trained, well-disciplined, smart fellows with openings in the new country that could not possibly have been given them here. They deserved the ringing cheers with which they were greeted as they marched out of the Hall to, it is hoped, a successful, manly life. But ere the last emigrant is out of sight the platform has been made into a nursery, and in come gentle-faced nurses with babies toddling, babies laughing, babies in long clothes, boy babies, girl babies—a veritable host, that in another second is scrambling for dolls and balls, to say nothing of a dirty white kitten and a black one, whose dirt



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES: ANNUAL FETE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

was invisible. One little baby—it must have been a boy—gets a bump in the scramble, and his shrill baby scream gives a quite unexpected naturalness to the scene. But there's the whistle and away they go. Next come the May Queen and her attendants, who "dance about the may-pole" with fairy grace of motion. These are followed by a troop of laundry girls with washing troughs and clothes-lines, wringing machines and mangles, and these yet again by young craftsmen bearing the emblems of their work that were not represented in the workshop scenes. The girls' physical exercises are delightful, but for novelty the drill on board a man-o'-war, to use an Americanism, "takes the cake." The floor covering mysteriously disappears and a ship's deck is revealed. Three traps door open and up comes a mast with ropes and pulleys and cross beam, and all the usual tackle. This is secured, and in march the "naval marines," as dapper as if they were going on regular inspection-drill. The captain, who walks to and fro with a dignity and air of superiority as to the manner born, puts them through their gun drill. Another small officer, the drill master, follows and puts them through cutlass exercise. Some of them climb the rigging to keep a lookout, and when a thin treble voice responds to a query put by the captain, 'Aye, aye' sir,' it is very funny. Three whistles and away they scuttle, guns and cutlasses and all, and once more the red flag goes—no, there is no more time. The lame, and the halt, and the blind, the nimble fireman with the fire apparatus, and the noble Red Cross Corps, must wait. The speakers that follow are at a distinct disadvantage; only a few of them can be heard at all, and these only in a few sentences. "We would rather see the children than listen to speeches" is the freely expressed verdict, but nevertheless the speakers talk on, and the audience gets fidgety, and it is a relief when the children, that sit in thousands in the choir, ring out their cheery songs and go through their performance in imitation of musical instruments and other entertainments. Lord Kinnaird alone may be congratulated on making a good and hearable speech. Dr. Barnardo's voice is penetrating, but his speech was one of action rather than words. Lord Aberdeen could scarcely be heard even in the seats next the choir. Lady Aberdeen's graceful presentation of the prizes to 200 old girls and boys for length of service varying from one to nine years was a pleasant relief after the strain of close listening. A few more items on the programme follow, and after the benediction the meeting closes with becoming loyalty, by the singing of "God Save the Queen." From beginning to end there has not been a single hitch, save the breaking of a rope on the ship's mast. If the living actors had been automata, they could not have moved with more exactness. To speak of the meeting and not mention the programme would be to omit one of the chief features in the evening's successes. Besides the usual items of information, the programme contained portraits of each speaker, the committee, the trustees, the presidents and vice presidents, interior views of the Homes, picture groups of the inmates, and workshop sketches. These were exquisitely printed on toned paper, and bound in rough cream, limp covers with the title embossed. If it was turned out by one of the departments, it certainly reflects the greatest credit on the designer and the working staff.

SAVING MONEY.

An important fact to remember is that saving money is vastly more a matter of principal and habit than of amount of salary. Personally, I have never known a young man who, if he did not save money on a salary of forty dollars a month, would do it on seventy-five. If he did not on $50, he would not on $100. The man who saves nothing on $1,000 a year will not do it on $2,000 nor on $3,000 nor even on $5,000. If you think these are wild statements, and not borne out by the facts, ask any business man of wide acquaintance, or if you do not know one, ask your pastor, if he has had experience among salaried workers. Money in a savings bank is not the best financial test of a manly character. A partly or wholly paid for home, or piece of land on which to build one, is a far better test. On the other hand, it is the best test I know of, unless building and loan association stock be excepted, for wage-working women, whether they work in homes, offices or factories. Naturally a man looks forward to buying ground and building a home; a woman to the furnishing, which takes ready money. —*Thomas Kane, in the Interior.*

LEARNING THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

BY GERTRUDE L. VANDERBILT.

Mrs. Jones complained that her children did not learn much in Sunday-school. Probably they did not. And why? Because they never took the trouble to learn the Sunday-school lesson. They might have gone to day-school year in and year out, and never have been able to read or write, if they had been as neglectful of their week-day lessons. Their mother seemed to think that acquiring knowledge of the Bible ought to be by a perpetual miracle.

They never opened their lesson-quarterly until they came into the class. The book lay on the shelf from the time that they came home from school on one Sunday until they went to school on the following Sunday. Consequently, the teacher had to spend all the time in the hour of school in trying to teach that which should have been learned at home.

There was another reason why Mrs. Jones' children did not learn much in Sunday-school; they were so irregular in their attendance. They were present or absent according to the attractions elsewhere. If there was an entertainment in some other school, they were there. If friends visited them on Sunday, that was an occasion for staying at home, and their mother made no objection to their doing so.

If the rule of the school was enforced as to having no laughing and talking during the time of recitation, they complained that the teachers were too strict and they would go where they could have some fun. It is to be regretted that there are schools where the children "have fun" and where the whole object of Sunday-school is defeated by the carelessness of teachers and the thoughtlessness of the superintendent.

Quite a different mother from Mrs. Jones was Mrs. Hill. She insisted that some time through the week should be given to committing the lesson for the following Sunday. She insisted that the children should place their books carefully on the shelf; never allowed them to misuse their library books nor tear up their religious papers. Before going to school she had her children repeat their lessons to her so that she might be quite sure that they knew perfectly just what the teacher had given them to learn.

The consequence was that the boys and girls from the Hill family could always repeat their lessons to their teacher, and never lost their books. After supper on Sunday evenings they usually read their library books and the papers which had been given in the school. Then the papers were carefully folded and laid aside, so that when on a rainy day they could not go out to play they might amuse themselves in looking over the back numbers of their "Child's Paper" or "Children's Friend." When application was made for some reading matter for poor schools in the West, the papers would be brought out just as clean and fresh as if they were new.

Mrs. Hill never complained that her children did not learn much in the school.

There was also a difference of opinion between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Hill as to dress.

The teacher of the Jones children, finding that they absented themselves from school frequently, called to ask the reason. It would often be given as follows: "They have no clothes new enough. Their father has been out of work." The teacher in return would say that the clothes they were wearing seemed very nice. But the mother would insist that they were not as nicely dressed as some other child, perhaps of wealthy parents, and therefore the children must stay at home until some showy garment might be procured out of the father's hard earnings. The mother thought that she was giving an unanswerable argument when she on such occasions would add, "I have a very proper pride that my children should look as well as other people's children!"

Foolish mother! she was sacrificing the souls of her children to her pride. She cared more for the adornment of their bodies than for their spiritual welfare.

If she argued on all subjects in the same line, she would not live in her small house because her neighbors had larger ones, or she would not keep house on one floor because another neighbor hired a whole house. As she herself placed higher value on merely external matters, so also her children did, and they sneered at all children more plainly dressed than themselves and envied every child whose clothes were more showy than their own.

Mrs. Hill, on the contrary, always dressed her children simply and neatly. There was no shabby finery about them, no attempt to imitate the style of wealthy parents. They were so sweet and clean, so unaffected and lovable, that they were general favorites. The good sense of their mother was reflected in the appearance of the children, and there was every reason to believe that under her example they would grow up to be good men and good women, a blessing to their parents and to the community at large.

If all parents realized how much the Sunday-school teacher needed their co-operation, how little in fact could be accomplished without it, surely there might be a great change in Sunday-school work. It is impossible without the discipline of the day-school to force a child to learn, and the lesson cannot be committed to memory without study. In the week-day a child is punished if it does not learn the lesson given to the class. This cannot be done in Sunday-school, and therefore a child may attend for weeks and months and yet never be any the wiser for merely taking a place in the class.

We appeal to all mothers on behalf of their children: Will you not act with their Sunday-school teacher? Help her in her work; you can do much for her. She asks no pay, her labor is one of love; therefore it is only a reasonable requirement when for the highest good of your children she meets them Sunday after Sunday, only asking of you that you would see that they learn their lesson and attend regularly as they would be expected to do in the day-school. With a mutual love between teachers and scholars and mutual respect and assistance between parents and teachers, how much good might be done! How much more efficient the teaching would be if the mother would require the children at home to do what the teacher in the school kindly asks them to do. The lesson being committed to memory through the week, the teacher would have the time to explain it to her class on Sunday, and there would be fewer complaints that the children did "not learn much in Sunday-school."—*American Messenger.*

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

The church of the future depends on the Sunday-school of to-day. God's word and way must be taught, and every teacher may, if he will, stand before his class because he loves the work and is doing it to win souls to Christ, saving them for this world as well as the next. Such teachers are successful according to their power with God and in God's holy word. The Scriptures are the God-appointed means of conviction, conversion, faith and sanctification. That teacher is successful who has a knowledge of God and of his word, exemplifying it in his own life and loving to tell the sweet story of Gospel grace to others.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

If possible, have a large map of Palestine, and appoint a child to trace on the map, for the benefit of the other children, the places where the events of the lessons took place. If necessary instruct the child in this undertaking during the week. Then ask two or three others to prepare to tell in their own words some event, which you shall name. On the review Sunday, after this has been accomplished, it would be in order to review the children on the Golden Texts. If there is any time remaining, the teacher might do that which never fails to interest children—paint in word-pictures the various scenes studied during the quarter, and let the children guess where they happened, and what were the names of the people described.

HOME PREPARATION.

Sabbath-school teachers regret the fact that their scholars so often come into class with little or no preparation on the lesson. The trouble is, this duty is often postponed until Sabbath morning when there is no time for the needed study. The solution of the difficulty can be found in making the necessary preparation the preceding Sabbath afternoon, or Saturday evening. The children will then rise Sabbath morning with comfort and a sense of satisfaction such as comes from duty done. It tends to give relief, also, from the hurry and bustle too often seen in Christian homes on Sabbath morning.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book).

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11, 1892.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.—Acts 8:26-40.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—John 3:36.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 8:26-40.—Philip and the Ethiopian.
T. Isaiah 53:1-12.—The Ethiopian's Reading.
W. John 5:36-47.—"Search the Scriptures."
Th. John 7:14-31.—How to Understand.
F. Acts 16:1-15.—Baptism of Lydia.
S. Acts 18:1-11.—Faith and Baptism.
S. 2 Tim. 3:10-17.—Scripture Profitable.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Perplexed Inquirer. vs. 26-31.
II. A Ready Learner. vs. 32-35.
III. A Rejoicing Believer. vs. 36-40.

TIME.—A.D. 37; summer, soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Judea, in the uncultivated region south-west of Jerusalem, toward Gaza.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

26. *Gaza*—sixty miles south-west from Jerusalem. 27. *Ethiopia*—a country south of Egypt. *To worship*—this shows that he was either a Jew or a proselyte to the Jewish religion. 28. *Esaias*—the prophecy of Isaiah. 31. *How can I*—he felt that he was ignorant, and he was eager to learn the truth. 32. *Was this*—Isa. 53:7, 8; just the passage to suit his wants. 35. *Preached unto him Jesus*—showed him that it was Jesus of whom the prophet spoke, and pointed out the way of salvation through him. *What doth hinder*—"Faith *within* and water *without* were ready." 37. The Revised Version omits this verse. It is wanting in the oldest manuscripts. 38. *Both into the water*—but it does not follow that the baptism was by immersion. If the phrase teaches that one was immersed, it teaches that both were immersed. 39. *Caught away*—in a miraculous manner. 40. *Azotus*—Ashdod, thirty miles north of Gaza. *Cesarea*—on the Mediterranean, sixty miles north-west of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A PERPLEXED INQUIRER, vs. 26-31.—What did an angel say to Philip? What did Philip do? Whom did he meet in the desert? What was the Ethiopian doing? What did the Spirit say to Philip? What did Philip hear? What did he ask the Ethiopian? What was the Ethiopian's reply? What did he ask Philip to do?

II. A READY LEARNER. vs. 32-35.—What was the Scripture he was reading? Where is it found? What did the Ethiopian ask Philip about it? What did Philip then do? Who is our only Redeemer?

III. A REJOICING BELIEVER. vs. 36-40.—To what did they come in their journey? What did the Ethiopian desire? What did Philip do? How were the two separated? What is said of the Ethiopian? What became of Philip? Where did he further preach Christ?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should diligently study the word of God.
2. We should gladly receive instruction in divine truth.
3. Sincere inquirers will be directed in the way of life.
4. The gospel gives great joy to every believer.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom was Philip sent to meet? Ans. A man of Ethiopia, the treasurer of Queen Candace.
2. What was the man doing when Philip met him? Ans. Reading about Christ in the prophecy of Isaiah.
3. What did Philip do? Ans. He began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus.
4. What effect had this preaching? Ans. The man believed in Jesus Christ as the Son of God.
5. What followed? Ans. He was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18, 1892.

REVIEW OF STUDIES IN ACTS.

Acts 1:1-8:40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. 2:20.

HOME READINGS.

The first eight chapters of Acts, entire, containing the lesson passages of the quarter.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KEEPING SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

It is comparatively easy to secure summer boarders. People who have vacations are always watching the papers for advertisements of new places, and making inquiries of their friends about their summer experiences. A clothing house in New York displays the sign: "Our best advertisement is a well pleased customer," and summer landlords and landladies can find no better principle in their line of business.

"We were at Shattuck's, last year," says a lady, at a luncheon party, "and we have our rooms engaged for this season. The table was really good. There was no rich food, but good bread and butter, fresh berries and cream—don't laugh. I know you are thinking that country landlords have strange ideas about city people's ideas of cream, but this was genuine, as good as we can buy in the city. The meats were well cooked and neatly served; we had fresh napkins every other day, none too fine, but they were white, clean and dry, and did not suggest the laundry by smelling of yellow bar soap.

"Then we always had fruit for breakfast, and it was not the easiest thing to manage, either. I heard Mr. Shattuck tell some one that his boarders liked fruit in the morning and they paid enough to have it, even if it did cost him some trouble. No one gave us a cross look if we asked for a second pitcher of milk, and the cart from the cheese factory never stopped at our door all summer, to take away what was needed in the family. Then the front yard was kept clean, and the lawn smooth, and the children were not allowed to play in it. They could go to the big orchard at the side of the house, or across the road to the grove. The result of this slight restriction was that when we had visitors, we could take them out under the trees without stumbling over hobby horses and express-carts, doll's furniture and croquet mallets. And the hall and large old-fashioned parlor were kept in beautiful order in their cool summer furnishings.

"The rooms are large, but as plain and old-fashioned as possible, and the beds are not too easy. But the wash-tables are really tables, broad and long enough to hold one's toilet articles comfortably, instead of those disgusting little 'stands,' just big enough for the bowl, which are found in so many country houses. The pitchers were filled twice a day with sweet, pure spring water, and the towel rack was abundantly supplied. Best of all, there was a generous bath room with a great tub fitted with hot and cold water faucets. The landlord said that the bath room brought him countless boarders. And there are transoms over all the doors.

"There isn't a luxury in the house, unless you except the transoms and the bath room, but there is no end of comfort for people who must avoid the extravagant life of fashionable hotels, and who want plenty of fresh air and fresh water, two things that are generally denied one in a country boarding house."

Long before the lady had finished speaking, several address books were out and the question was waiting to be asked: "Where is Shattuck's?" And all that summer Mr. Ready-to-Grind, who kept boarders on the next farm, wondered how it was that Shattuck's was always full, while his rooms were constantly being vacated.—*New York Observer.*

THE BEST PICNIC LUNCH.

Meats for sandwiches, writes Mrs. A. G. Lewis in a seasonable article on "Lawn Parties and Out Door Fetes," in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, should be boiled the day before; then after removing bone, skin and gristle they should be put in packing tins, heavily weighted, and set in a cool place over night, and then cut in very thin slices.

Bread one day old is best, and a very sharp knife is needed for cutting it into thin slices not over three inches square. These, buttered slightly, may be daintily filled with ham, salad, sardines, tongue, or whatever one likes.

Then cut pieces of confectioner's paper just large enough to cover the sandwiches neatly. Place them side by side, closely packed, and they will preserve their shape without breaking. The paper is not to be removed until served.

Cakes must also be one day old, and for picnic use a little extra flour in stirring, and an extra five or ten minutes in baking will ensure a firmer crust. Frosting, if put on hot, does not crackle and fall off. Cookies are more desirable than loaf cake, as are, also, cup and gem cakes. Jelly and cream confections are seldom nice for picnic serving.

Pies made of jellies, fruit or sweets are best cooked turnover fashion, the pastry covering the filling entirely. Lay them in paper covers, and they serve thus very conveniently.

Lemon, orange, strawberry, raspberry or currant juices should be extracted, then sweetened, and when well dissolved, bottled. Drinks can then be prepared by adding two tablespoonfuls of the liquid to a tumbler of ice water. All these juices combined make a delicious drink.

Strong coffee or tea may also be prepared and served in the same way. Bright tin mugs are more convenient than tumblers, and there is no danger of breakage.

Hampers, with several trays, are more desirable for packing. Ordinary lunch baskets are a difficulty. White confectioner's paper should be used for lining the basket and for separating the different kinds of food; also for covering neatly individual pieces. Cookies and crackers must be put in tight boxes. Plates are too heavy, but bright, new biscuit tins—the square shapes are best—are very useful in packing, and with fringed napkins laid inside, they serve well for salvers in handing the food around. Paper napkins are best.

Whatever is to be eaten last should be packed at the bottom of the hamper, and that to be served first at the top. Fruit, pickles, olives and cheese must not be forgotten.

CHANGE NECESSARY.

A correspondent of the *Farm and Fireside* asks:—

Isn't it time that we country women were beginning to look for brighter and better things? In order to be happy we must learn to depend upon what lies within our possible reach. We must learn that working day after day, week after week, without seeking a change, will not create an interest which can be healthful. Every woman, no matter what her circumstances are, can obtain variation if she will. A fifteen minutes' walk will take her away from her work to some new field of interest, if she will only educate herself to be interested in what surrounds her. I have little sympathy for the woman who finds nothing in her neighbors to enjoy; she may not find that congeniality which she so much desires, but she must remember that we are all of one family, and if she cannot find some heart-throb akin to her own, who shall say wherein the fault lies?

Are we willing to be called an ignorant class of women? Are we willing to be satisfied with a knowledge of pots and pans and their uses? Is there anything to hinder us from knowing something outside our own little world? Nothing at all in this day of papers and books, yet we make a sad mistake if we depend entirely upon reading matter for our elevation. It is one of our privileges to be surrounded by bountiful nature, who will give if we will take from her. How many of us find friends and old acquaintances among the grasses, ferns, trees and wild flowers? How many know the birds by their songs and looks? Spend a day or two in a neighboring city, see all you can there, get all the ideas you can, put them into practice, if they are practical for you. Don't think you can't afford it; you are only paying a little of the debt you owe to yourself and family. Don't grow envious, but cultivate a satisfied spirit for the possibilities within your reach.

SOMETHING WRONG.

"It won't go right; it keeps no time; it is quite useless." So said a gentleman who handed his watch to the watchmaker.

"It is a good watch, too," said the tradesman.

"It ought to be: it cost money enough, and for a time it seemed to go well enough, but it doesn't now; there's something wrong."

"It is by one of our first makers," continued the watchmaker, who was closely examining the machinery of the watch: "and there is nothing amiss, that I can see, with the works. It is clean too. It only wants regulating."

"Regulating!" exclaimed the gentleman; "that's what everybody tells me. And the regulator has been altered again and again, but to no good purpose. So I have brought it to you to see what you can do with it."

A week or two later, the gentleman once more stood at the watchmaker's counter.

"We must have a new balance wheel, sir," said the latter: "that's where the something wrong is. It was a good wheel to begin with, but it has, by some means, been magnetised; and that has ruined the action of the watch."

Yes, the owner remembered at last, that some time before he had been experimenting with a powerful loadstone; and possibly the watch might have been near. At all events, could not the wheel be deprived of the influence, without the trouble and expense of a new one?

The other smiled: "Pound the wheel in a mortar," said he; "and every broken fragment and particle of steel will retain the influence. Your watch must have a new wheel, sir."

Your heart is the balance-wheel of your moral and spiritual life. If you have an unchanged heart, it is impossible that your daily life can be satisfactory to Him who has a right to expect from every creature he has formed the most perfect obedience to his law.—*Friendly Greetings.*

STOCKING MENDING.

There is little that can be done to lessen the mending of children's stockings except to darn each small hole, especially in the legs, where the stitches ravel so rapidly, as quickly as possible. The wear on a child's stocking is so even that the lining or running of any part prolongs its career but slightly. Sometimes a piece of another stocking smoothly catch-stitched down on the wrong side of the knees of the every day stockings will be a help when a child is unusually hard upon that portion. But the wisest plan is not to buy stockings of too fine weaving and thread, and then to darn them faithfully. Cheap stockings will need repeated mending, besides being an eyesore, and are always an extravagance. Be careful that the darning-cotton is firm in its dye, for it is annoying to have a good stocking disfigured by a faded darn.

The stockings of adults can be lined at the heel and toe with advantage. Take soft firm pieces of discarded woven underflannels, and fit them carefully to the heel and upper part of the stocking's toe. Do not make any overlapping seams or turn under the edge of the flannel. Place the lining well up on the heel where the shoes work up and down, and catch-stitch the raw edge neatly and firmly with thread matching the color of the stocking. This lining will be unnoticeable on the outside of the stocking, and will not hurt the tenderest foot, unless carelessly put on, while it will double the stocking's usefulness and reduce its mending to a medium. But such lining should always be put in before the stockings are worn, for, once started on their daily rounds, they may come to grief before the mender has opportunity to fortify them. Heels and toes can be "run" with the darning-cotton; but unless run both with the weaving and across it, the result will not be satisfactory, and it is a laborious process, and more liable to hurt the feet than the lining of woven cloth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

USEFUL HINTS.

POOR RUBBERS are the cause of much canned fruit spoiling.

OLD MATTING may still be serviceable by putting it under carpets.

TO BRIGHTEN carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

KEROSENE will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water and render them pliable as new.

TO PURIFY the air of a newly-painted room put several tubs of water in it. The water will absorb much of the odor.

PINE shavings from soft pine wood make a pleasant pillow. They have special curative virtues for coughs and lung troubles.

IN BUILDING dwelling houses, farmers should plan not only for beauty and symmetry, but for the convenience of the family. Many a farmer's wife has been compelled to lead a life of toil and drudgery by the needless neglect of her husband to make the home convenient.

IF YOU DO NOT personally attend to the state of your cellar, and this at periodical intervals, you are not really a good housekeeper. Your table may be exquisitely appointed, your dishes daintily cooked; your parlor may be beautifully furnished, and in every way attractive, but the test of your housekeeping is your cellar. It underlies all. It is foundational. If the family are to be kept in health the cellar must be kept clean, must never foster decaying vegetation or noisome dampness; it must be orderly, and sluiced with fresh air.

SELECTED RECIPES.

POTATO CAKE.—Add two tablespoonfuls of yeast to about a quart of mashed potato, and mix with flour to the consistency of dough; when light, bake in a moderate oven.

LEMON SAUCE.—Boil one cupful of granulated sugar in two cupfuls of hot water; wet a tablespoonful of corn starch in cold water and boil ten minutes. Add juice and grated rind of one lemon and a tablespoonful of butter.

BREAD PUDDING.—One pint of nice bread crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, one heaping cup of sugar; bake a light brown. When done spread jelly over the top. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with some white sugar; spread it on the top, replace in the over and brown slightly; serve cold.

ANOTHER BREAD PUDDING.—Two large slices of bread crumbed into a quart of milk. Soak so it can be mashed fine. Add three eggs, one large cupful of sugar, and a small lump of butter. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake one hour.

CRUMB PIE.—Ingredients: cold meat, bread crumbs, salt, pepper and nutmeg, gravy and butter. Mince any kind of cold meat very fine, season to taste, and put into a pie dish. Put into the dish any gravy you have, and cover thick with bread crumbs. Lay small pieces of butter over the top, and bake a nice brown. Eat cold or hot.

PUZZLES NO. 17.

DECAPITATION.

Come from the city's busy hum and tread;
Come, ye who labor for your daily bread;
Come, ye fair maids, who beautify the home.
Come, rustic swains, your sister's escorts, come
Hear: the total calls you to join the band,
And drive the cursed final from our land.
Final I grant! the blight of home and hearth,
The destroyer, which ravages our earth.
Must it flourish? Is there no hope or way
By which its enemies may win the day?
On to battle, with earnest might and main,
Then may temperance the victory gain.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. A piece of pure gold upon Aaron's mitre. 2. That which a Christian should possess. 3. That which we should not worship. 4. One who did not look back. 5. It was burnt on Jewish altars. 6. What firs were once used for.

The initials spell one of the chosen twelve apostles. EDITH GRAMMIE.

ENIGMA.

My first is in storm but not in rain,
My second is in road but not in lane,
My third is in chair but not in stool,
My fourth is in college but not in school,
My fifth is in tidy but not in neat,
My sixth is in hands but not in feet,
My seventh is in page but not in book,
My eighth is in line but not in hook,
My ninth is in catch but not in throw,
My tenth is in high but not in low,
My eleventh is in harness but not in hitch,
My twelfth is in creek but not in ditch,
My thirteenth is in pain but not in sorrow,
My fourteenth is in to-day but not in to-morrow,
My fifteenth is in lend but not in borrow.
My whole is something which requires some thought.
But when pains are taken is easily wrought.
M. A. WALKER.

DROP-VOWEL BIBLE VERSE.

Th- s-my c-mm-ndm-nt th-t y- l-v- -n- -nther -s h-v- l-v-d y-.
EDITH GRAMMIE.

WORD HALF SQUARE.

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1. To immerse. 2. A circle around the sun. 3. A tree. 4. An exclamation. 5. A consonant.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Behead a flower, and leave a useful liquid. 2. Behead a receptacle, and leave an animal. 3. Behead a garment, and leave a kind of grain; again, and leave a preposition. 4. Behead an adverb, and leave a bird; curtail, and leave a personal pronoun. 5. Curtail an adverb, and leave an article. 6. Curtail a piece of wood, and leave a wild animal; curtail again, and leave a reptile; restore the last two letters and change the first, and you have a cherished store.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 16.

A RIDDLE.—A draught.

CHARADE.—Whalebone.

WORD SQUARE.—
C O M E
O D O R
M O S S
E R S T

AMPUTATIONS.—1. P-otter-y. 2. P-romp-t. 3. T-ouch-y. 4. M-ouse-r.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Lord Fauntleroy.

CHARADE.—Now-found-land.

The Family Circle.

[For the *Messenger*.

'TIS ONLY FOR A TIME.

"There shall be no night there."

'Tis only for a time;
Our lives will yet be right.
And to our hearts appear
All beautiful and bright.

We need our broken lives;
We need this sacrifice,
To make our souls sublime,
And fit them for the skies.

But in the great beyond
Each one will find his goal,
And fully satisfy
The cravings of his soul.

True love will find its love;
Each talent find a friend
To help it on its way
Towards its highest end.

FRANCIS S. WILLISTON.

PHIL'S VALEDICTORY.

There was a hush of expectation in the assembly-room of the Belgrade high school. Late on the previous afternoon Mabel Bowen, who had gone back to the building after school for her questions in geometry, had peeped into the principal's office and seen the teachers "making out averages for dear life," as she told Fanny Day.

"And I just know they were making senior appointments, and they're going to be announced to-day," said Mabel.

So the word had been passed around in the morning. Scant attention was paid to the psalm and the hymn, though each senior tried his best to look as if he had not a thought of being appointed.

Then an exasperating thing happened. Mr. Castle had just said, "I will now read the list of those who have been appointed to take part in our Commencement exercises," when Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, came in and talked with Mr. Castle ten minutes.

"Didn't I tell you the names would be read out?" whispered Mabel. "Oh, if I'm appointed, I do hope they'll let me recite! I never can, could, might, would or should write an essay!"

"Sh!" said Fanny. "He's going to read. Just look how complacent Guy Fenton is! He knows he's sure to get first place. Don't you—"

"The students appointed," said Mr. Castle, "are as follows, in the order of their standings."

Then he hunted for the paper, and adjusted his glasses as deliberately as if he did not know that every senior heart in the room was beating like a trip-hammer.

"Philip Winters, Guy Fenton, Bertha Finley, Celia Peters, Mabel Bowen, Richard Hardy, Clifford Tracy, Fannie Day, Victor Lee and Archibald Hunter. These students are requested to meet Miss Stone in her room to-day at the close of the session."

Ten seniors tried not to look glad, and the other twenty tried not to look sorry; but everybody looked surprised, too. Guy Fenton not first! And of all the boys in the class to precede him, Phil Winters!

Every one knew that Guy was the best student in the senior class, and Phil was just an ordinary, faithful, humdrum fellow.

No one expected him to get an appointment at all. He to be first! How had it happened?

Guy Fenton's looks were unpleasantly suggestive of a thunder-cloud when he fully realized that his name was not first, and Phil himself looked hardly less troubled. Then the signal was given, and the classes went out. The busy boys and girls had to put off the discussion of this great event till recess.

At recess Guy Fenton had cleared away his thunder-cloud. He walked straight up to Phil Winters.

"Congratulations, old boy!" he said, holding out his hand. "I am thoroughly glad you've got it."

That gave everybody the cue about the valedictorian, for Guy was a leader if he was conceited. And after every one had congratulated every one else, and all had met Miss Stone and been set at work, the Commencement appointments began to be among the accepted facts of the universe, and gave place to other subjects of discussion.

But there was the least bit of a thorn in Phil Winters's side that prevented him from taking the full degree of pleasure in his success. Phil was not conceited, but he enjoyed being at the head as much as Guy Fenton would have enjoyed the distinction.

"I can't see myself how it happened," Phil said to his mother that night. "Guy always got higher marks than I did."

"Is anything besides scholarship taken into account?" asked Mrs. Winters.

"Yes," answered Phil thoughtfully. "You know at the Friday morning exercises the teachers all mark, and Miss Stone makes an average of those marks, and that is counted, too. But even there Guy is ahead of me, though he broke down once. You see he was always working for the valedictory, and I never thought of anything beyond getting through creditably."

"There might have been an error in the making out of the averages," suggested his mother. Then she purposely said no more. She had been a teacher herself, and a good one, and she knew that her Phil was in brains an ordinary boy, and no more; but she had tried to train in him a vision clear to see the right, and a will strong to do it. If there had been a mistake, it was Phil's battle, and Phil must fight it.

Phil took the thought she had suggested to bed with him. The surmise that there had been a mistake was not entirely new to him, but he had refused to recognize it until his mother gave it shape.

"I do think it will be too awfully mean!" he told himself just before he dropped off to sleep. "I shouldn't have cared if I hadn't had it at all—but to give it up!"

"If it isn't honestly yours, you haven't had it at all," said something inside. But Phil would not listen, and went to sleep.

Next day he chose as the subject of his essay "The Scholar in Politics," and began to read a life of Gladstone. He worked on it for a week, and everything went wrong. He could not get interested in his lessons. Moreover, he felt cross and miserable, and his mother was so sober! What bothers honors were!

"Mother, do you think I ought not to take it?" he broke out one day at dinner.

There was no need to say what "it" was, though Commencement had not been mentioned between them since the day he had selected his subject.

"Certainly you should take it, if you are satisfied that it is yours," answered his mother, quietly. She knew the time had come when she must help her boy by leaving him to help himself.

But was he satisfied? He slept on that remark, and the next day he went to school early with a happier look on his face than had been there for a week.

"Miss Stone," he said, glad to find the English teacher alone in her room, "I can't feel satisfied about my appointment."

"Did you wish a higher grade?" asked Miss Stone, with her quizzical smile.

"No, ma'am," said literal Phil. "But I don't think ninety-eight can belong to me, because I've never stood as high as lots of the others. Couldn't you look it up again?"

"I don't think it is necessary," said Miss Stone, kindly. "The standings were all made out twice, and so many of us could hardly have made a serious mistake. I am glad to see you so conscientious, but I think the place is yours."

"Here is Mr. Castle," she went on, as the principal came into the room; "Philip is afraid there is some mistake about his having the valedictory; but I have been telling him how carefully the appointments were made out, and that he need not fear."

She looked enquiringly at the principal.

"Not at all," said Mr. Castle, heartily, "and we are all glad to see you come to the front, my lad. The grades were all down in black and white, and your ninety-eight is honestly earned. Don't trouble yourself any more about it. Miss Stone, can you give me the number of students in your classes for the quarterly report?"

Phil felt himself dismissed. He went through the day with a heart that was heavy and light by turns. But Phil's moral processes were sure if they were slow. In the afternoon, having gone over the ground again and come back to his doubts, he was ready to return to the charge.

It was teachers' meeting day again. In the midst of their miscellaneous business he knocked at the office door, and entered the room in obedience to Mr. Castle's "Come in!"

The teachers looked amazed. It was a most unusual thing for a pupil to do. Poor Phil, with cheeks red and eyes bright, blurted out his carefully conned statement without knowing exactly what he said.

"I don't think my average ought to be ninety-eight," he said, "and if you please, unless it's dead certain, I'd rather not be on at Commencement."

Mr. Castle looked impatient for an instant, and then smiled.

"Very well," he said, "as it is a matter of conscience we will verify the standing at once, and make it 'dead certain.' You may come into the office to-morrow morning before school to hear the result."

Phil turned a shade redder and left the room. He had not meant to use slang, but he did not feel much cast down at Mr. Castle's gibe.

"It feels so good not to have that bad taste in my mouth," he said to himself.

In the morning Mr. Castle announced that a mistake had been made in calculating the averages; that Guy Fenton, instead of Philip Winters, should have been declared valedictorian, and that Philip Winters did not belong to the first ten at all. Mary Lincoln's standing entitled her to the tenth place.

Phil was too much relieved to regret greatly the loss of his troublesome honor. If he had been sore over it, his mother's words would have healed the hurt. For she led him before his father's picture, and said, not very steadily:

"Father would be proud of you to-day, my boy. I felt sure you would come up to the best was in you. But I was anxious, too, for I knew it was very hard. I think you will feel more and more that it was worth while, and that you have won something better than a school honor."

Phil said it was worth while, and that he was glad that he had done it. He didn't think much about it the rest of the year. Yet he was a human boy after all, and when Commencement came, it was a little bitter to see the boys and girls on the stage with their essays and their flowers.

When the valedictorian sat down in a tumult of applause, he had to struggle to make himself contented just to march upon the stage, and receive his diploma with the other boys and girls. But why wasn't the signal given?

Mr. Castle was beginning to speak. Had he forgotten the diplomas? Phil started as he heard his own name, and then listened as if he were in a dream.

"I think it is but just to state," Mr. Castle was saying, "that had it not been for the integrity of one of our boys, the programme presented to-day would have been slightly different."

The silence was breathless. Phil heard his heart beat violently. The principal went on.

"Philip Winters was first declared valedictorian, but believing that there had been a mistake in the figures, and that the honor was not fairly his, he insisted upon a reconsideration of the matter, which proved that his supposition was right. He was therefore dropped from the list of appointees. But I desire to make honorable mention of his name, and to thank him publicly for his conduct."

How the people cheered! Then some small boy that thought he knew how to do things called "Speech! Speech!" and the house took up the cry.

Vainly Mr. Castle tried to stop them; vainly Miss Hague played the march by which the class were to pass upon the stage for the diplomas. They could not even hear that she was playing. At last Mr. Castle, in despair, signalled Phil to rise and bow to the audience.

Phil did so; but the cheering and the cries of "Speech!" were doubled when he sat down again. Some wild fellows in the gallery were keeping it up, and affairs began to look serious. Mr. Castle stepped to Phil's seat.

"Rise in your place, my boy, and tell the people you thank them for their kindness," he said, hurriedly. "We shall have almost a disturbance if the people do not get what they want."

Phil stood up, and the house grew still.

"I thank you for your kindness," he said, bravely. "I didn't want to do it at all for a whole week, but afterward I was awfully glad I did."

Then he sat down and the people cheered again, and some one sent him a big basket of flowers. Then Miss Hague played the march again, and the members of the class all received their diplomas, tied up with the class colors, which were white and gold. Mr. Castle made remarks, and Mr. Wilson made remarks, and the trustees made remarks, and all went home. And so Phil had the valedictory after all.—*Isabella M. Andrews, in Youth's Companion.*

A TWENTY-FIVE CENT CHANCE.

One of the overland trains on the Union Pacific Railway was nearing Omaha. The passengers in one of the cars had gathered into little groups, and were passing the time by social chat. One of these groups was composed of a couple of tourists, a commercial traveller, and two cowboys, and, a little to one side, a member of the group, not taking part in the discussions, sat a minister, one of the hardy frontier type.

The commercial traveller, who was a sceptic, said: "Well, you can say what you please; I don't believe a single word about this future life and all that sort of stuff. Gentlemen, I'll tell you what I'd do; I would take twenty-five cents right now for all the chance of heaven I've got now or ever expect to have."

The minister took a nearer seat.

"My friend," said he, "be careful. You can't afford to make any rash offers."

"I meant just what I said," retorted the man of many words.

"I'll take you up," said the clergyman. "I've only one chance of heaven myself, and I'm sure I need as many as I can get. This will be the best investment I ever made. Here's your quarter, and here's my address," handing the traveller a card. "If you ever want to go back on this bargain, just drop me a line, and I will make it all right with you. I should certainly be glad to have you change your mind. You're making a bad bargain, but just as you say." And the minister got up and going leisurely to the other end of the car, took a drink of water.

Somehow or other, conversation lagged. The traveller looked down at the floor; the cowboys seemed to search in vain for something in their pockets, and the tourists turned their faces towards the window, but the vacant look in their eyes showed their thoughts were elsewhere. After a while the minister returned. The traveller was getting nervous.

"Well, parson," said he, "if you are willing, we will call that trade off. Here's your quarter. I don't want it. I'm thinking I'll need that change myself. The Lord knows I'm bad enough. It's the only chance I've got, and I've decided to make the best use of it I know how."

The minister put the quarter in his pocket, shook hands heartily with the traveller and the train whistled for Omaha. Nothing more was said: and the porter of the car, as he watched them get off the train, wondered why that group of six, who had been so jovial clear through, had such a serious look on their faces. Certain it was that their faces reflected their thoughts. —*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE MOST DANGEROUS DRINK.

Beer is supposed by some to be an innocent and wholesome beverage: and it was once confidently claimed that if more beer were used there would be less drunkenness. This claim, however, can scarcely be maintained with seriousness hereafter. The consumption of beer in the United States has become enormous; but drunkenness has not been banished or diminished. The *Scientific American* says concerning the beer-drinker: "Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers."

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, LL.D.

The interest in the new Chicago University culminates in the personality of its President, W. R. Harper, LL.D., so widely known as professor of Semitic languages at Yale University. A sketch of his life is given by the *Golden Rule*.

Born in Ohio in 1856, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he early manifested the traits and abilities that have since become so conspicuous. At ten years of age he entered Muskingum College and graduated four years later, delivering a Commencement day oration in that language which has since received so much of his attention, the Hebrew. After some private study at home, he devoted two years to post-graduate work at Yale University, earning the degree of Ph. D. when only nineteen years old. After spending a few years as instructor in educational institutions in Tennessee and Ohio, he was elected in 1879 to the professorship of Hebrew and cognate languages in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Illinois. While here he planned and started the Hebrew Correspondence School and the Summer-School system and, later, the Institute of Hebrew. The textbooks in Hebrew which appeared from Professor Harper's pen about this time revealed radically new principles of instruction, imparting a new life to the study of a language so long "dead" in popular estimation.

In 1886 Yale secured the services of this young scholar, whose reputation had by this time become established abroad as well as in all parts of his own land. In the five years spent in this institution he continued to superintend the publication of "The Old and New Testament Student," a monthly periodical devoted to popularizing the study of the sacred Scriptures, and "Hebraica," a journal for scholars of the Semitic languages. His inexhaustible energy led also to the marked extension of the Institute of Sacred Literature into the various large centres of our land. Within the last year he has been elected as principal of the Chautauqua movement, with which he has ever heartily sympathized.

Such intellectual profundity and executive grasp could by no means fail to be appreciated in the Baptist denomination, of which Professor Harper is a member and about a year ago the way opened for him to enter upon an undertaking that will give fullest scope to his powers. In 1889 the Baptist Education Society began to take steps toward planting a college in Chicago which should worthily represent the interest of that great body of Christians in the higher education. Through the liberality of Mr. John D. Rockfeller and others, it became possible to enlarge the idea of the proposed institution, until now it includes everything that can be comprehended under the title of university. All eyes turned toward Professor Harper as the one pre-eminently fitted to stand at the head of the new University of Chicago. Closing his work at Yale last July, he has since devoted his time, part of which has been spent abroad, to maturing plans and arrangements for the opening of this institution next autumn.

Professor Harper has for years taken the deepest interest in the Christian Endeavor Society, its flexible methods and interdenominational fellowship commending it especially to his catholic spirit. For nearly two years Professor Harper has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and his sympathetic counsel is always highly prized.

When we reflect upon what has been accomplished by one who has not yet reached his thirty-sixth birthday, we may well be amazed. It can be explained only by recognizing not alone native ability but a genius for hard and persistent effort, which is especially noteworthy in this youthful educator. The tasks that he turns off with seeming ease would prostrate most men. As he is endowed with such grand gifts of intellectual, spiritual, and physical strength, we may rightly expect great things in the future of President Harper.

OUR ONLY HOPE.

Beyond any question, the present effrontery and power of the saloon are due to license laws. At my old home a vine of bitter-sweet came up at the root of a fine young elm tree; it was a pretty, delicate, twining thing, and I turned it so it might climb the tree; it did climb, in graceful spiral rings to the very top. And the tree was beautiful, the long tendrils of the vine hung down on every side. I pinched off the tender shoots as they multiplied so as not to obstruct the path, and the more I did so, the stronger grew the trunk coils. I planted vines by all my young trees, it made them look so brave and lively; I thought how strange that Nature had not planted vines and trees in pairs. I have seen "why" recently; my beautiful elm is a dead stalk with the vine embedded in its body, itself spiral now, conformed to the constricting cord of the beautiful Thug. So the Christian nation, guileless, devoted trellis of the liquor traffic for so many years, stands all deformed and cork-screw-shaped to-day in the deadly spiral of commercial and political whiskey rings; but alive, thank God! and still powerful, for her good right hand is free; the church is its palm, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, the Salvation Army and the Society for the Prevention of Crime are the fingers, and the Prohibition party the thumb; I see it reaching out for "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

It is not union of the church and state I advocate, but union of the church to save the state. It seems to me that from a slavish old ecclesiasticism we have swung over to a childish and impratical spiritism that sighs and prays, "Oh, Lord, make us right or about right," "Thy kingdom

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, LL.D.

come," gradually. We need to rig ratchets on our Sunday Christians to hold them up to the crank during the week.

The reproach and weakness of the Church is can't—"can't elect," "can't enforce," "can't prevent;" the saloon-keeper is a man who can, and he does, and he will until Christian voters leave off their "t." In Minnesota it takes a brave bird to stand the winter; at my window one evening, when the mercury was falling rapidly and the fine snow like powdered glass, a blue-jay swung on the tree top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick, hit-him-a-lick," and away down on the icy trunk a sap-sucker piped back, "Can't." Next morning the sap-sucker lay dead on the drift, but the jay swung in the dizzy top and shouted, "Hit-him-a-lick!" but of course the sap-sucker couldn't.

The church is overstocked with sap-suckers. Many of our Christian men are brave enough, but are waiting for light as to methods, not reflecting that power and light are so correlated that when you get one you have the other, as in the case of an electric motor, when the trolley is on the wire overhead, it goes, and has light. You say you can't see? You are disconnected; reach up, and touch God and you will see because you go.

But the simple fact is that the average Christian voter, as such, has no defined status in politics; the convention does not regard him, for he does not regard himself; he is willing public conscience shall be shot provided the bullet be gold; he is agreed that public virtue be hanged if the rope be silken.

But the greatest movement of history is just commencing, the W.C.T.U., the Salvation Army, the Y.P.S.C.E., and the S.P.V. are part of it. They are distinctly born of the church, which, criticise it as you may, is the sole hope, and not a forlorn hope either, of this government and this world.—*John G. Woolley, in Fourth of July Oration.*

ANTI-JEWISH FEELING

(By George R. Wendling in N. Y. Herald.)

There is not a drop of Jewish blood in my veins; I am not connected with the Jews by the marriage of any near or distant kinsman; I owe no Jew a dollar and no Jew owes me. I speak from the vantage ground of absolute independence. It is a splendid race, splendid in their patience, in their love for one another, in their endurance, in their sagacity and temperate habits, and splendid in their inflexible adherence to their Mosaic ideals. Do you want an aristocracy of blood and birth? The Jews are the purest blooded people and have the best established descent in the world. Not Mirabeau in the French Convention, nor Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses, nor "Sam" Adams in old Colonial days ever said a more thrilling thing than Disraeli said in the English Commons in reply to the charge that he was a Jew: "Yes, I am a Jew! When the ancestors of the honorable gentleman were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the temple!"

Do you seek an aristocracy of talent? The great church historian Neander was a Jew; Napoleon's marshals, Soult and Massena, were Jews; the brilliant and cynical Heine was a Jew, and—but the world's roll of great soldiers, authors, musicians, painters, poets, philosophers and financiers contain

MORE HEBREW NAMES

than I could recite in many hours. Are you looking for an aristocracy of wealth? The combined financial power of the Jews in Europe can prevent the floating of almost any national loan which may be put upon the markets of the world! It is spurious, false Christianity that hates Jews. The mystery of the incarnation found expression in the flesh and blood of a Jew, and, therefore, in a sense we worship a Jew. We get our ten commandments—the very foundation of our civilization—through the Jews. We sing Jewish psalms, are uplifted by the passion and poetry of Jewish prophets, and rely on Jewish biographies for the only history we have of Christ. We get our Pauline theology from a Jew, and we catch our clearest glimpses of the next world through the sublime apocalyptic vision of a Jew. Then, forsooth, we Christians turn about and sneer at Jews! I have conversed with teachers of philosophy who spoke slightingly of the Jews, and yet were teaching with enthusiasm ideas which they had absorbed from Maimonides and Spinoza, the two greatest philosophers, omitting Kant, since Plato's day—

BOTH OF THEM JEWS.

I have heard musicians denounce Jews and then spend days and nights trying to interpret the beauties of Rossini, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn—all Jews. I talked the other day with a gifted actress, and heard both her and her husband sweepingly condemn, confidentially, of course, the whole race of Jews, and yet that woman would give half her remaining life if she could only reach the heights which the great queen of tragedy, Rachel, trod with such majesty and power—and Rachel was a Jewess. Here in Washington I have heard aspiring politicians, when beyond the reach of the reporter's pencil, sneer at Jews, and yet it was a Jew who made England's Queen Empress of India, and it was a Jew who was for years the adroit and sagacious chairman of the national committee of one of our great political parties. The brainiest man in the Southern Confederacy was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew, and Chase, when managing our national finances in a perilous time, owed much of his success to the constant

ADVICE OF A NEW YORK JEW.

That you never see a Jew tramp or a Jew drunkard is a proverb, that you never meet a Jew beggar is a common-place, and it is a statistical fact that there are relatively fewer inmates of our hospitals, gaols and workhouses furnished by the Jews than any other race contributes. Convert the Jews! Let us first convert our modern Christians to genuine Christianity. Suppress the Jews! A score of Russian Czars cannot do it. Every people on earth has tried it and failed. They have outlived the Tudors and the Plantagenets, the Romanoffs, the tryanny of Spain, the dynasties of France, Charlemagne, Constantine, the Cæsars, the Babylonian kings and the Egyptian Pharaohs. It was God's own race for four thousand years, and the awful persecution it has survived for two thousand more stamps it as a race still bearing some mysterious relation to the plans of the Eternal. The beauty and fidelity of Jewish women command my homage, and among wealthy and educated Jews the exquisite refinement of Jewesses, their culture and high breeding, blended with a sort of Oriental grace and dignity, put them among the

MOST CHARMING WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

But the Jew is tricky? Is he? Were you ever taken in by a Methodist class leader on a real estate trade? Did you ever get into close quarters with a Presbyterian speculator? Did you ever buy mining stock on the representations of an Episcopalian broker? Did you ever take a man's word any quicker because he was a Baptist or a Roman Catholic? Did you never see a stone weighing twenty pounds concealed in a bale of cotton grown by a Southerner? Did you never find lard in the butter sold by a New England Puritan?

The belief that the Jew is more dishonest than the Gentile is one-half nonsense and the other half prejudice and falsehood. The anti-Jewish feeling which now seems to be rising again is un-Christian, inhuman and un-American. No man can share it who believes in the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. It is born of the devil and is detestable.

NO NEED FOR IT.

"I have tested the matter for myself," says Dr. J. A. Brown, "for I have now treated 40,000 cases of disease entirely without alcoholic liquors. I never prescribed it to that extent to make men drunkards, and I am thankful to say that for the last three years I have not prescribed a single spoonful of any intoxicating liquor for any purpose whatever."

WANT LOCAL OPTION.

In reply to the question—"Are you in favor of the people around you having the power to suppress the liquor traffic by their own votes, should they wish to do so?"—72,408 persons, in 51 small communities in Scotland, answered "Yes," and only 5,527 "No."

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER IV.

A wide bowery garden of old fashion, mellow with sunlight, yesterday's shower over and gone. In the middle Zachary standing with a rake in his hand, and Friday sitting with an open book on his knees, his face bent over the pages.

Silence save for the drowsy humming of the bees.

Friday raised his head and drew a long breath.

"Zachary, my book says: 'Beyond the Swethlanders there is another sea, so slow and almost immovable that many think it to be the bounds which compass in the whole world. Some are persuaded that the sound of the sun is heard as he riseth out of this sea; and that many shapes of God are seen and the beams of his head. At this sea is the end of nature and the world.'"

"Ay!" said Zachary, stretching out his hand unconsciously, while his eye grew fixed and unseeing. "Ay! I've been there."

"And did you see the beams of his head?" asked Friday in a reverent whisper.

"No, sir. Naught but the frost-smoke arising, and the Northern Lights up aloft."

"Perhaps you were not worthy, Zachary, like the man who did not find Paradise."

"I doubt I warn't, sir."

"Zachary, I have read in the travel-books about men going to that Frozen Sea, and what they did. Some did not come back ever any more."

"Me and my mates had like not to a' done, sir."

"Zachary, have you ever read about Henry Hudson?"

"No, sir. I'm not a book-learned man, myself. I've only been in Hudson's Bay. Might it be that same place?"

"Yes, because his ship found it, you know. Henry Hudson was the master, and the men—I believe it begins with M?"

"Mutiny, sir?"

"Yes, it was mutiny. And so they put Henry Hudson and his son and six men, all sick and dying, in a little boat, and set it drifting on the sea."

"That were a right down blackguard trick, for sure!"

"Yes; but there was one dear man I love very much. He was the ship's carpenter, and his name was John King, and he got in the boat with the master because he would not stay with that wicked crew. I think perhaps he was worthy, Zachary."

"Ay, sir. Let's hope he saw them beams when he came to die."

"And there was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and they saw his ship sailing and sailing away, and it never came back. And there was Master John Knight in his ship "Hopewell," and he was driven among the ice, and so he landed on an island. And he left two men with the boat, and took four men, and they went out of sight over a hill. And the two men waited and waited, and fired a gun, and called, and they waited thirteen hours. And they waited all night, but the book says they came not at all. And there were three English ships that set sail one day, and there was Cornelius Darfurth in the "Confidentia," and Richard Chancelour in the "Edward Bonaventure," and Sir Hugh Willoughbie to command, in the "Bona Speranza" (and that means Good Hope, the book says), and Master Richard Willes, Gentleman, says that he was a worthy and renowned knight. And the ships kept together till a great storm came, and then Richard Chancelour never saw the others any more. And he waited for them, but they never came, so he said he would go on alone, and all his brave men said they would go and do their duty, and they were very cheerful and patient. But two years afterwards Sir Hugh Willoughbie was found with his ships, and he and the crews were all together, and quite frozen, seventy dead men. Do you know, Sir Hugh Willoughbie was a very noble knight. I often think about him; he is one of my dearest men. And there were three men, and they were brothers, and they went to find a way through that frozen sea, and they had a great many sufferings, and were very brave; but everybody has forgotten their names, and now nobody knows them. I think that is a pity, so I try to remember them, and call them the Three Brothers. And another man was Behring, who found the straits on the map, and he and the crew were very, very sick and sad, and so the ship was wrecked on an island, and Behring died 'of want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair.' These are very sorrowful travels, aren't they, Zachary?"

"They are, sir. Ah, but there's a many laid their bones there, so there has!"

"Some of the travellers came back; they don't all die there. There was Captain James with his crew, and they were wrecked on an island, and it snowed and froze extremely. They were very ill, and a great many died there. They made a boat; but the carpenter died too. So Captain James said: 'If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England.' And they all said they would do anything he ordered, and he thanked them all. I love those dear men very much. They escaped at last."

"That's a good hearing, sir."

"I read a great deal about captains; I love them so much. And the Doctor tells me things when I don't know what it means. We talk about them often. Zachary, I have read about Master Martin Frobisher and his three voyages, and about Master John Davis and his three voyages. They are beautiful to read about. I like to have Master Frobisher under my pillow at night, if Mrs. Hammond does not find it. Do you like to have anything under your pillow?"

"I don't find it to make me sleep the sounder, sir."

"Don't you? It is a great comfort to me. I like to think about all my nice men. About Master Anthony Jenkinson, because he was a man of rare virtue, of great travel, and a worthy gentleman; and Master Sebastian Cabot, and everybody called him "the good old gentleman," because he was so dear, and he gave a great deal of money to the poor, and was so brave and glad. And about Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir Hugh Willoughbie, and John King, the carpenter, and all the good captains. They sailed in barques, and pinnesses, and gallegoes; and what is a gallego, Zachary?"

Zachary closed one eye, and looked profound; but Friday waited.

"It's a ——" began Zachary, much, as he expressed it, "drove;" "it's a ——" looking sideways at the small audience to see if there was any hope of escape. Friday was still waiting. "Wessel," concluded Zachary, with something of lameness.

"How many masts, if you please?" inquired Friday respectfully.

"Now I'm a-going to do up the honions," remarked the mariner, perhaps a trifle off the subject. Friday tucked fat calfy old Heylyn under one arm, crooked his first finger into the hole in the flower-pot, and paddled down the walk to the onion-bed.

"Zachary, which do you like best, the sea or the garden?" he said, after a long silence, during which he had watched operations closely, with his chin resting on his hands

"I don't know as I could say, sir. I never thought to leave the sea of my own head. It was my old leg that stranded me at last."

"If you hadn't had your—new leg," said Friday delicately; "how then, Zachary?"

"I think myself I should ha' been a' sea, sir. It was a old saying among us that a man as had been in them Arctic regions couldn't for his life help going back. No matter how awesome it was there, and how blithe he was to get away, he was bound to go back. It was like as if it drawed him."

"Did you feel like that?" said Friday, in a low voice, for a sympathetic thrill of terror and ecstacy ran through him.

"I've been three times to the polar seas. It's likely I should be there still only for my timber-toe. We laid a many of my mates down in the ice—rest their old bones! The last voyage as ever I took I thought to lay mine aside 'em. Only five on us came back, and you wouldn't have took us for the same men as went out, so old and gray, and broke we was, and one childish. I never looked to pray to God as I prayed in that little cockle-boat among the grinding ice. I can't say I ever prayed rightly before. And surely he sent us a Danish whaler to pick us up and take us to Upernavik—bless them Christian souls! for two on us were d'lirious and Hughie Powell had never spoke a word or stirred a hand for three days. We buried him at sea a day out from Upernavik. The Danes took us to Copenhagen, and we worked our way back to Peterhead, where we'd sailed from—five on us, all as was left. They carried me ashore, being that my journeying days was done. But old Tim Sanderson was alongside me—him that had suffered that in the expedition as had turned his hair white, and his face a kind o' gray—well, that same man, Master Friday, he was limping along, for he was cruel bad in the joints, and he put his hand on my arm, and he said, 'Matey.' Says I, 'Well, Tim?' Says he, "Here we be.' I says, 'Who'd a' thought it?' He says, 'Ay, ay; but I'm bound to go back. I wouldn't ha' said so when we was picked up; but it come on me the first step I set on this here quay, and I hear it a-calling strong. I'm bound to go back afore I die; for it's wrote down.'"

"And did he go back?" said Friday, shivering with an awful delight.

"He did, sir."

"And have you ever seen him since?"

"He came to see me in 'orsepital before he sailed. And after we'd done our talk, he just took my hand and went, as simple as it might be us parting to go to bed."

"And where is he now?"

"I think myself he's taking his last sleep there, sir. He sailed in the "Lucy" brig. She was spoke off Cape Desolation, then sailing due north, and never seen no more."

Friday thought and thought, and fell into a brown study. By and by he emerged, and said—

"Zachary, what was the name of your ship?"

"Boy and man, sir, I've sailed in many a craft. My last ship, as was the expedition wessel, was the "Good Hope."

"That was the name of Sir Hugh Willoughbie's ship, too. Sir Walter Raleigh had a pinnace called the "Fifty Crowns." I can't remember all his ships. In John Fox the ship was called the "Three Half Moons." And in Thomas Sanders they were the "Jesus," and the "Green Dragon," and the "Ascension," and that is a very nice travel, and it prays at the end to bring us all to heaven, to live there world without end, Amen. It think it is a good way to finish a travel, to pray at the end, don't you? And in Philip Jones they had five tall and stout ships, and the first was the "Merchant Royal," a very brave and goodly ship, and of great report. And Fernando Magellan had five ships when he went round the world; but that is rather sorrowful, for one deserted, and one was wrecked, and two were worn out and left behind, and so only one came back home, and Magellan was not in that, because he had been killed in some islands. I am very sorry for that poor man, that he could not finish his journey, for it was such a long voyage. Oh, it was such a long voyage! It took three years and twenty-eight days."

"My faith, Master Friday, that was a powerful long cruise, surely!"

"And so I am sorry that he died before the end, when it had been so hard. I do wonder why God let so many travellers die before they had finished."

"Ay! and that's a fair puzzle, so it is. They getten all the work and none of the pay."

"I think they didn't want any pay," said Friday softly. "My good captains didn't; but only to finish the travels. I think I will ask the Doctor why God didn't let them. You see they were such dear men, and they didn't want anything naughty, but to find places. Oh, you cannot think how very much they wanted! Zachary, do you know what I shall be when I am a man?"

"And what, sir?"

"Zachary," said Friday, and his tiny heart swelled till he could scarcely speak, and it seemed as if he must sob, "when I am a man, I shall be an explorer." (And no capitals of any type whatsoever could convey the rapture and reverence Friday threw into that mighty word.)

"Yes," said Friday, clasping his little trembling hands, "I think it calls me too. And that is why I am rather sorry I am Friday's child, you know. If I had been Saturday's child, like George, then I should have always known for sure and sure that I should have far to go. But it is so very unlucky to be a Friday's. Perhaps I shall never finish my travel, with being full of woe. But I don't care; I'm not afraid; the Explorers weren't. Zachary, did you ever know one?"

"An explorer, Master Friday?"

"Yes."

"I did, sir," said Zachary, very soberly. Friday gave a long, long sigh.

"I wish I had. I suppose he was a very noble gentleman, very brave, and very cheerful and very patient."

"Sir, his equal does not walk this earth below," said Zachary. "We obeyed orders, faithful and true, ay, and loved him, but not near enough—not near enough. And now it comes over me, as I sit a-thinking, that he was a great good man, and no one knowed it. And I'm hoping he's getting his pay aloft, for he got none here."

"What was his name?" asked Friday, in a whisper.

"His name, sir,"—Zachary had taken off his battered hat, and held it in his hand—"it was Captain John Broke, R. N."

"If you please, would you tell me about him?" asked Friday humbly.

"When stable clock strikes, I knock off," said Zachary, replacing his hat; "and then I go and eat my baggin' under the wall; and then if you've a mind, Master Friday, I'll tell you. Now don't let us have no more talk until I'm done this here bed."

So Friday sat and looked at Zachary as if fascinated, until the stable clock struck. Whereupon Zachary immediately knocked off, and betook himself on his old and new legs to the bench under the sunny wall. And Friday, bestowing the calfy book under one arm, and Crusoe under the other, crooked his first finger into the hole in the flower-pot, and followed him. The flower-pot being then pitched directly opposite to Zachary, Friday encamped with Crusoe on his knee, and musty old Heylyn in a clean place in the wheel-barrow, and waited while Zachary made his repast, regarding him the while with the deepest respect and admiration. And the bagging being finished, and Crusoe screwed round into a comfortable tight black muffin, Friday with wistful eyes diffidently observed that everybody was nice and ready. And on that Zachary began the story of Captain John Broke, R. N.

(To be Continued.)

A MISSION GIRL IN A TEMPLE.

Dwelling on the good work the Zenana Mission is doing among the women of India, Dr. Pentecost related in illustration the following incident of his recent tour: "I was visiting Jejuri, fifteen miles from Poonah, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. On the top of a huge rock stands a hoary Hindoo Temple, an illustration at once of the power and degradation of heathenism. I was standing on the balcony of this temple in company with some officers and missionaries. We could see some forty or fifty women—priestesses of the temple—and hardly knowing what I was doing, I commenced to sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' My friends joined in the hymn, and then we sung, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Looking down into the gardens I saw a young girl about fourteen years of age; her little face was lighted up, and two great tears welled from her eyes. I said to one of the lady missionaries, Miss Mitchell, 'Go and speak to that girl.' She went down and spoke to her, and sang a simple Mahrattee hymn. The girl knelt down while the first verses were being sung, and then said, 'I know that; I can sing the rest of it,' which she did. This child had received just six months' training in one of the Zenana Society's schools. Though living amid those impure surroundings, without a friend or guide, deep down in the heart of this Indian child was the tender love of Jesus Christ, and no doubt by the grace of God, she will be rescued from that terrible place."
—*Christian Herald.*

A SHAME TO CIVILIZATION.

John G. Whittier in a recent letter writes: "I feel a great interest in any effort to check the pernicious habit of tobacco using. It is not only a nuisance, but a moral and physical evil, and a shame to our boasted refinement and civilization."

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER V.

"It was all along of us sailing of a Friday."

The audience was heard to sigh faintly, having had a large experience of the ills attending a Friday's sailing.

"But Columbus did set sail on Friday," the audience was also heard to remark with a tinge of rising hope.

"I never knew no good come of sailing of a Friday," said the narrator obdurately. "We sailed from Peterhead in the expedition wessel, by the name of the "Good Hope," under command of Captain John Broke, R. N., aforenamed. I've heard tell that Government paid part expenses, but it was the Captain's own expedition and it fell most on him. The Captain's idea was to find—well, Master Friday, you not having been in them parts, you won't be knowing places by the names, no more than if I said we was above such and such a parallel. But to put it rough to you, we'll call this here lettuce a p'int to the N. W., the rhubub lying due north. This here line I make with my timber-toe gives you the line of coast on St. George's Sound; this here hole as I prod gives you Fort St. George. Well, you see, Master Friday, sailing up the Sound, you come to Fort St. George, and beyond that lies what they call Desolation Land, no one—leastways known to us—ever having gone further north than the Fort. Now the Captain's idea was that if a man crossed Desolation Land far enough, he'd come to open water on the further side, and he held this would open out a many waters as was blocked to us by the ice, and no one could say where the end might be. I don't know what made him run so on the idea of open water, but he used to work it out with the currents so as would convince a cleverer head than mine. I don't know how it might be myself, but there was one old chap amongst us as grew to believe in it hard and fast, and didn't go short of saying it would be that same sea as flows round the Pole itself. It's a very old tale among seamen, Master Friday, that there's open sea round the Pole, if a ship could get to it, and a many clever men have held to that before my day; but the times has changed. Well, this was a queer old chap, and he told it for gospel true, and he said the Captain's open water was that same. The Captain didn't, so to speak, set much account by the old tale; but his open water had been—*as one may say*—the longing of's life. Said he dreamed he saw it over and over, and heard the waves a-breaking, and couldn't rest for it. And the Captain knew what the Arctics was too, for he'd been on two expeditions before, one as a young man, and had to turn back being under command, and the other he'd brought as far as Fort St. George, and he had to turn back for sickness in the party. I've heard him tell that he waited seven years for that chance, and had to turn back at last. So he waited seven years more, and bless you, Master Friday, I couldn't tell you how he worked and saved. And then he got Government to listen to him, and to promise some help, and then he put everything he was worth into it, being a poor man. It was same as if he staked all on it; but he believed so faithful in his open water, and said nothing should stand in his path now but death. He couldn't be turned back the third time, after his years o' waiting. So he got the expedition together, and we sailed from Peterhead in the "Good Hope," and everything as well arranged as mortal man could do.

"But that there Friday stood in our light first and last. Everything as could go contrary to us went that same. How's ever we touched at Goodhaven in time, and went on north creeping up the coast. And we made arrangements with the people to bring us a complete furnish of sledges and dogs up to Fort St. George, by a whaler as was to put into the Sound in a while, we were not able to take them with us, this being early in the season, and the Sound not open. So we crept up the coast, and the Captain mapped out a unfinished chart, and completed the line up to the Fort.

"Well, we got there as soon as the Sound was clear, but ran some narrer escapes in the ice, the "Good Hope" being doomed to bad luck. However, nipped and strained a deal, we got her to the Fort, and laid her up, and passed our time repairing and such till the dogs was to come. Eh, well, if ever a man was tried, it was the Captain that summer! There we waited day after day till weeks passed, and the whaler never showed, and the season was getting on, and all our good start gone by. It was a puzzle to me to see him keep his patience day after day. And when the rascals turned up at last, they'd cheated the Captain out and out, and not brought near the number they should ha' done by the bargain. The Captain knew he'd been done, but they was slippery rascals, and he couldn't do naught, and was all for getting off without any wuss delay.

"So we set out, the picked men as was to go with the Captain, I being among 'em, and left the smaller party with the ship, and the main part of the stores. We took all we could carry, the carriage being cut so short, and the boat the Captain had built under 's own eye, long and light, for to try on that unknown water we was to find. And so we set off, bearing due north across Desolation Land. Well, we went on and on, and made good way too, but it was awful work, Master Friday, seeing we had to level the road before the dogs. So it was slow travelling at the best, and we'd started too late in the season. And then them rascal Eskimoes played us that dirty trick that was the losing of us. We'd noticed that they seemed down like for a week or more, and talked among themselves; but we didn't know what they were up to, only the Captain looked a bit anxious. Then it come on us one morning like a thunderclap. The half-breed that ordered them about and spoke for 'em, comes up and tells the Captain that they'd come as far as they'd bargained for, and they was going back. The Captain faced 'em like a man, cool and determined, and said they'd bargained for double that; any man as was afraid might go back straight, but the train was a-coming along of us. So they was cowed for the time, and we went on as hard as we could push, and thought they'd had their lesson. But three days after that, leastways of our days, it being the polar summer, we got up and found that they'd packed up and gone, dogs, sledges, and all. The boat they'd left us, so as to travel light, but they'd taken some of the stores. It was what you might call a knockdown, that was, Master Friday; but it was then that the Captain's pluck began to come out.

"He stands up before us all, and says, 'I hold no man to his word in this pass. I am going forward on foot, alone if need be. Whoever will, let him go back to the ship, and whoever will, let him come on with me.'

"Well, well, Master Friday, not one man of us stood there but said he was after the Captain till death."

"I thought you did! I hoped you did!" cried Friday, his eyes alight.

"Yes, sir," said Zachary, with a mixture of humility and pride, "we followed the Captain. He thanked us all, like the gentleman he was, and on we went. Ay, and that was a journey too! Afoot, mind you, Master Friday, and the boat mounted on a rough frame, as we dragged every step o' the way, with our stores inside. We took it in turn and relieved parties, one lot ahead to level a way with picks and shovels, and one to drag the boat. And then the snow started to fall, and after that our troubles began in right down earnest. Ay, and it wanted some pluck to go forward into that Land o' Desolation, as it was rightly called, when a man bethought him that every step he took was so much further from the ship. But the Captain was like as if he had heart for us all, and he worked the foremost, and was up early and late, and lay hardest, and stood short commons oftenest—ay, he was a good man!

"Well, with the snow the road for the boat got worser. Sometimes not all of us a-tugging together could get her over the hummocks, and then it came to unloading and dragging her over empty, and carrying our goods. And you must bear in mind, sir, that 'atween the hummocks was filled wi' snow as a man would sink into, sudden, up to the chest, and have to be hauled out. And at the best, if the snow fell fresh, only up a chap's legs, the crust would get that froze that he couldn't kick it afore him, but had to lift each foot straight and high every time. Ah, and it's that for giving your legs a cruel ache! Sometimes we went on hands and knees, and not being as strong and fresh as we'd been at starting, we couldn't do as much. And mercy on us!—the cold!—the biting cold as kept a man from 's sleep at night. And we was beyond the line of living animals, and all our stores was so froze that they had to be thawed afore we could have a bite, and we began to feel bad the want of fresh food, and we knew the Captain was thinking of scurvy, though he did all a mortal could do to keep us in health. Well, and the scurvy wasn't the beginning neither. I mind it well. It was when we was tugging the boat up a rise, all together, and a powerful hard tug it was too! And just as we got anigh the top of the ridge, we drawed up a minute to take breath. And the Captain—I mind how sore his hands was, and he was pulling hardest of all, and he says, 'Now, my lads, heave all! A long pull and a strong pull, and it's done!" And then he gives a mighty heave, and up comes the boat like a living thing. And with that, without a word or a sign, Amos Dwyer falls flat on his face right among us, just where he stood. The Captain knew. He gave a kind of groan."

"Was he dead?" asked Friday, in a hushed voice.

"Stone dead. Cold, and hardship, and exposure. We chose out a place at the foot of the ridge, and dug his grave with our picks, and the Captain read the Book over him."

"That was like a man in Master Frobisher. It says he died in the way by God's visitation, and it says nothing more."

"Ay, well, Amos Dwyer died just so; and he was a trim lad and a good one. We'd looked on him as one of the strongest. We'd buried another in a week, and two was down with scurvy. They had to be laid in the boat, and dragged all the way, and more than they was beginning to fail, and our hearts was getting leaden like. Only the Captain kept us all up.

"I mind well one time we was clearing the ice before the boat, and old David Crabb, that old chap I named to you, he was with us, and it was hard work on short commons, and by-and-by he lets out with a oath. By-and-by he lets out again. It was a way he had. He was a good seaman and a clever, queer old chap, but he did use to rap out free with em."

"With what?" asked Friday.

Zachary cleared his throat, and recollected his audience.

"Langwidge," he said comprehensively. "He didn't mean nothing by it, but he was too free with it. So a man called Summers as was working shoulder to shoulder with him, says, 'Don't, man. I'm too sick to hear it. It's time some on us was saying our prayers.' David held in a while, and then out it comes again. The Captain lifts his head sudden, and he says werry sharply, says he, 'Who dares blaspheme here?'

"David says, defiant like, 'It was me. I'm obeying orders, I am, and my tongue's my own.'

"And then the Captain's face went very sad when he looked at that gray-headed old chap, and he steps up to him, and says very gentle, with 's hand on his shoulder, 'David, I don't order an old man like you. But I ask you, I ask you, as a favor to me, not to do that again.' And David says, 'So help me I won't!' And no more he did. That man as had been such a free swearer, no one never heard him use a wrong word again. He used to look at the Captain, and follow him about as it might be a dog. So we struggled on till we was less by the two sick men, and then another fell ill, and still we came to no open water, and the Captain grew older and grayer till it seemed you could see him growing. And at last some on us put it respectful to the Captain that we didn't see we could hold out no longer; and the Captain hearkened, and his head went down on his breast. And then he spoke thick, and said, 'Give me one more days, lads.' And old David standing by, says, 'Ay, we will! One more day, mates.' And we went on. And that day the Captain gave his rations to the sick men, and he walked on ahead, and, oh, Master Friday, but it was pitiful to see him with his eyes straining on afore! And when that day was done, he said, 'Men, can you give me one more?' And old David stared round fierce, and said, 'Well, lads, are ye all turning cowards? Who's for another day?" And we all went on again. And it was ice, ice, ice, from first to last.

"And then the third day come, and the Captain said never a word. And David says, 'Sir, will another day do it?' And the Captain says, 'God knows, David, not I.' And the old chap says, "We've pluck left for one more."

(To be Continued.)

A HOUSE OF BUBBLES.

A HOUSE OF BUBBLES.

The paradise-fish makes his house entirely of bubbles. He expels the bubbles from his mouth until a nest of them is formed—often as large as shown in this illustration. Not less curious is the way in which he brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. Unable to carry the eggs in his mouth, he places himself beneath them, and suddenly exhaling a large quantity of air, they are carried to the surface by multitudes of little pearls. Some time ago a paradise-fish built such a nest in Professor Rice's room in Fulton Market, which attracted a great deal of attention. In Paris, also, one built its nest in a private aquarium. This is the only case I know of where bubbles are used for a nest, and the raising of the eggs to the surface by means of air floats is certainly very ingenious.—*Harper's Young People.*

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

IX.

Now we come to one of the most beautiful and clearest of the sky pictures.

Look at the thirteen stars of the diagram—three for the head—three for the sword—three for the belt, and then one at each leg and arm. First place these, and then an outline supplied will show you how clearly it resembles the figure of a man. For its place in the sky, you must look south of Capella and westward of the Bull.

There is one especially beautiful object connected with Orion which we must notice. You have already placed three stars for the sword of Orion. Now the middle star of those three is sometimes in appearance misty and hazy.

Long years ago, an astronomer turned his telescope to the spot, and found the supposed star consisted of a nebula—that is, a faint, misty spot of light, not moving like a silvery cloud would do, but fixed and self-luminous. Seen by a very powerful telescope, the centre star of the sword itself is seen to be, not one, but several stars. These stars seem to be surrounded by a constant light of a bluish color; and much thought and care has been given to try and learn of what this light is formed.

There is another nebula in Lyra, but this you would scarcely find without looking through a telescope. This curious nebula takes the form of a circle with a fringe of much whiter light at the actual edge.

You see we are only touching on the very border-land of wonders. As you grow up, I hope this little peep at "the

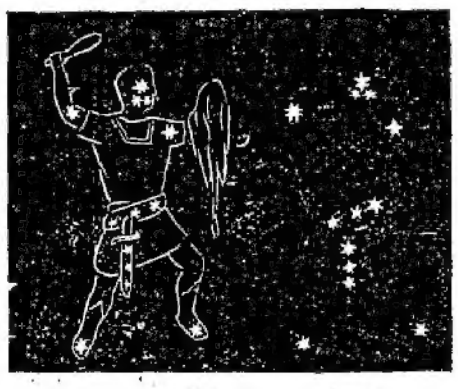

Fig. 15.

stars and their courses," will make you long to read more, and search out more for yourself, of these mighty heavens which show forth the glory of God.

X.

We have only two more lessons, and then we shall have described some of the most readily seen of the sky pictures; but these will help us to trace out so many others, that by degrees I hope we shall get to know all the chief groups in the sky, and the names of the brightest stars in those constellations.

I think we will take now the twin stars called Castor and Pollux, in the group of Gemini which contains about eighty stars. Castor looks a very bright, beautiful star, and if you look at it through a telescope you will see that it is really a double star. Pollux lies to the south of it.

An easy way of finding these will be to use the pointers of the Plough as the point or apex of a triangle. Capella will be away

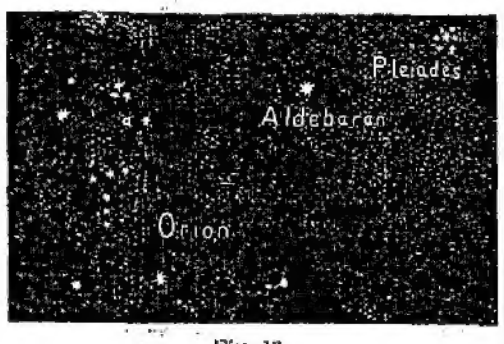

Fig. 16.

at the end of one long side of the triangle and Pollux at the other; while just over Pollux shines out the bright double star of Castor.

The stars we speak of as fixed, because on account of their immense distance we cannot see any movement, that is to say, the figures or groups remain the same and unchanged for ages; but sometimes you will see a star appear in one of your well-known groups which is quite a stranger to you. It comes under the list of the planets or "wanderers."

You can tell a planet from a star by its steady light. The stars twinkle, the planets have an even, steady shining. You remember a star is a sun; now a planet only shines because light falls upon it, not because of the light which is in it.

Beautifully bright wanderers many of these planets are; and it is by getting quite

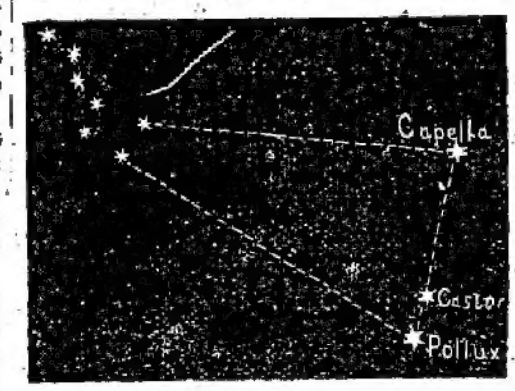

Fig. 17.

used to the stars in their groups that you will be better able to judge which is a stranger to the group and therefore a wanderer.

Our imaginations must naturally be overwhelmed with the thought of the possible existence of all these millions of separate worlds, created by the Almighty power of God for some wise purpose, but unrevealed as yet to the inhabitants of our comparatively little Earth. Meanwhile, we may well rest content with the Divine knowledge contained in the words of the Psalmist: "He telleth the number of the stars; and calleth them all by their names."

NEVER TO BE OPENED.

A hundred years ago there lived in the the town of Hamburg in Germany a young countess. She was known by all her friends to be one who declared the Bible to be a lie, and who believed in no God—no future life—no resurrection. This countess died when about thirty years of age, and before her death she gave very minute orders about her grave.

She was so anxious to show that she believed in no life after this, that she determined to be buried in a grave which could never be opened either by God or man. It was to be covered with a massive slab of granite, and all round it were to be placed heavy solid blocks of stone. The corners of these stones were to be fastened to each other and to the granite slab with huge iron clamps.

Who then could ever open the countess' grave?—So she thought; and as a challenge she directed this inscription to be engraved on the granite slab, "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

The grave was made as she desired. All that man's power could do was done to make the opening of the grave an impossibility. Many visited the strange tomb, and read the bold defiance which was engraved upon it.

And yet, of all the graves in that churchyard, it is the only one that now lies open! And yet man has never touched it; God opened it. How did he do it? Was it by an earthquake? No. Did he send a mighty angel to open it? No. His agent was something exceedingly small and insignificant. He used a tiny seed. The seed found its way in with the soil, and it soon sent up a tiny shoot which gradually forced its way between the side stone and the upper slab. Slowly but steadily it increased in size, until at last the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the massive lid was raised up; and this day the grave may be seen with the granite lid and side stones resting against the trunk of a large tree which grows up from the midst of the open tomb!

So much for the grave that was never to be opened to all eternity! Surely a new inscription might be engraved on that granite slab, and what better could be found than this, "The weakness of God is stronger than men!" Could a more insignificant instrument have been found than a tiny seed rotting in the soil? And yet by means of it God shatters that foolish woman's mightiest efforts. Who indeed can resist his will?

And yet how many there are who set themselves against God! They laugh at his word, they actually go so far as to blot him out of his own universe, and deny that he exists!—*Octavius Walton, in Friendly Greetings.*

ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL FORM BY REV. DR. MACKAY.

At the recent Presbyterian General Assembly in Montreal the Rev. Dr. Mackay, in the report of the committee on the state of religion, gave the following novel summary of the causes which operate against spiritual progress and the development of Christian character.

A. Ambition to be on an equal footing with others in style of living and dress, and it possible outstrip them. Adventism.

B. Blaming the church for coldness and apathy after giving strength to organizations outside the church.

C. Covetousness. Card playing. Craze after novelties in the pulpit and church services.

D. Debt. Divisions amongst Christians. Dancing parties. Dyspepsia of spirit, so that neither the milk nor the meat of the word can be assimilated.

E. Erroneous views of God's Word. "Ego," or self, in its weakness and strength not known.

F. Frivolity. Formality. False doctrine.

G. Gambling. Gossip. Gaiety and frivolity among women.

H. Haste to be rich. Homes scarce. Horse racing.

I. Intemperance. Immorality. Indifference. Inconsistencies of professing Christians.

J. Jealousy among Christian workers.

K. Knee drill neglected.

L. Light literature. Lumber camp life. Lotteries. Love of gain. Low moral tone in politics.

M. Mammonism. Mistaking means of grace for grace.

N. Neglect of family religion.

O. Ordinances irregularly attended.

P. Pleasure-seeking. Political corruption. Party strife. Poverty. Plymouthism.

Q. Quack evangelists.

R. Rivalry between denominations.

S. Sabbath desecration. Subordination of God's word to so-called religious books. Scepticism among adherents. Slander. Shebeens.

T. The trinity of evil—the world, the devil, and the flesh. Theatre going as the worship of this trinity.

U. Uncharitableness. Universalism.

V. Vanity in individuals and congregations.

W. Worldliness. Want of good women.

X. Extravagance. So much money spent on self that no money is left for good objects. Exodus of many families.

Y. Young and old dominated by the principle "Enjoy yourself and don't get hurt."

Z. Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls—wanting.

CONCENTRATION.

The late Dr. Liddon in preaching his last sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral, referred to John Howard, the philanthropist. Speaking of the rigid unity of purpose which distinguished the prison-reformer, the Canon said: "This was the secret of his success, by which he revolutionized the prison system, not only of England but of Europe, so that punishments were universally recognized as remedial as well as penal throughout the civilized world. The absence in our day of concentration of thought and effort is the reason why promising lives, bright thoughts, and good resolves lead to little or nothing. The dissipation of intellect is greater than a hundred years ago, owing to the facilities of travel, the number of books and papers, and men, through their breadth of interest and various occupations, do not accomplish one-twentieth part of what John Howard did. Let young men and women, whatever they take up, devote their whole heart to it, whether it be the most unshowy and unromantic way of doing good, such as helping in a night school, setting on foot a Sunday breakfast, or keeping the accounts of a charity, and they may in the eyes of the Infinite Mercy be doing better service than by disposing of immense resources, or being great rulers and teachers in the Church, if only by unity of purpose, springing from disinterestedness, they lay at the feet of the greatest Philanthropist their hearts' truest affections and noblest efforts."—*The Young Man.*

CURIOUS LAWS.

An English paper says that last year 1,356 people died of delirium tremens in England. In the same year twenty-five people died of hydrophobia. Because of the death of the twenty-five by hydrophobia, thousands of dogs were killed and all kept alive had to wear a muzzle. But the rum business and the rumsellers who caused the death of the 1,356 were not only not imprisoned, but were authorized and protected by law in their deadly work.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"